

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappy,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.

What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?

Why then Dame *Eleanor* was neere thy ioy.

Erect his Statue, and worship it,

And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.

Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,

And twice by awkward winde from Englands banke

Droue backe againe vnto my Native Clime.

What boated this? but well fore-warning winde

Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,

Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.

What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,

And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves,

And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,

Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:

Yet *Aolus* would not be a murderer,

But left that hatefull office vnto thee.

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,

Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore

With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.

The splitting Rockes cowl'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,

Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,

Might in thy Pallace, perish *Eleanor*.

As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,

When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,

I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:

And when the duskie sky, began to rob

My earnest-gaping sight of thy Lands view,

I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke,

A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,

And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea recei'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:

And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,

And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,

For loosing ken of *Albions* wished Coast.

How often haue I tempted *Suffolkes* tongue

(The agent of thy soule inconstancie)

To sit and watch me as *Ascanius* did,

When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold,

His Fathers Acts, commencing in burning Troy.

Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him?

Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,

For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost liue so long.

Noyse within. Enter *Warwicke*, and many

Commons. Enter *Warwicke*, and many

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is murthered

By *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hue of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwicke*, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,

And comment then vpon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege: Stay *Salsburie*

With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgeth all things, stay my thoughts:

My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,

Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:

If my suspect be false, forgive me God,

For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:

Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,

With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine

Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,

To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunkes,

And with my fingers feeble hand, vnfeeling:

But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this

body.

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made,

For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:

For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to liue

With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,

To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,

I do beleuee that violent hands were laid

Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:

What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for his vow,

War. See how the blood is feild in his face.

Of haue I seene a timely-parted Ghost,

Of a shy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,

Being all descended to the labouring heart,

Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,

Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,

Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,

To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.

But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:

His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,

Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:

His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasps

And rugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,

His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,

Like to the Summers Come by Tempest lodged:

It cannot be but he was murthered here,

The least of all these signes were probable.

Suff. Why *Warwicke*, who should do the D. to death?

My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,

And we I hope sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were yow'd D. *Humfries* foot,

And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:

Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,

And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,

As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kye soare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so suspicious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?

Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kye? where are his Fallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,

But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,

That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.

Say, if thou dar'st, prou'd Lord of *Warwickshire*,

That I am faultie in Duke *Humfries* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare

him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,

Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,

For euer word you speake in his behalfe,

Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,

If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,

Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed

Some sterne vntu'd Churle; and Noble Stock

Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,

And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,

And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,

Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,

And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,

I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee

Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,

And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,

That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;

And after all this fearefull Homage done,

Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,

Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:

Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,

And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfries* Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;

And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,

Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queen. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their

Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?

Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,

Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?

Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwicke*, with the men of Bury,

Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salsburie.

Salsb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your

minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'd:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubbornne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
With whose inuention and fatal stinging,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord
of *Salisbury*.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,

Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:

But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To shew how queint an Orator you are.

But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,

Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,

Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all

breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,

I thanke them for their tender louing care;

And had I not bene cited so by them,

Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:

For sure, my thoughts doe hourly propheticie,

Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.

And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,

Whose farre-vnwortheie Deputie I am,

He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,

But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.

No more I say: if thou dost pleade for him,

Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.

Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;

But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:

If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,

On any ground that I am Ruler of,

The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.

Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,

I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,

Hearts Discontent, and sower Affliction,

Be play-fellows to keepe you companie:

There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,

And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,

And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queen. Fye